
THE
LADY'S
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

FEB. 1812.

MEMOIRS OF MRS. BEALE.

THIS lady flourished as a painter of portraits in the reign of King Charles the Second; and it does not appear that the witty, though profligate era of that prince, had the power of contaminating the virtuous principles in which she was educated. It is related by one of her cotemporary biographers, that "she was aimable in her manners, and assiduous in her profession; and was very much encouraged and employed, both by the clergy, and several persons of rank." Walpole has also by his memorandums, extracted from a book of her husband's, borne ample testimony how much she was endeared to him, for her domestic qualities.

She was the daughter of the Reverend Mr. Craddock, minister of Walton-upon-Thames, and was born in Suffolk, in the year 1632.

Although she was not instructed in the rudiments of painting by Sir Peter Lely, as some have supposed, he was, it is said, a great admirer of her genius, and was thought to have a high regard for her person. She diligently, and with correctness, copied the works of that master, as well as those of Vandyke.

Mrs. Beale painted in oil, water colours, and crayons, and by copying some pictures of the Italian masters, improved her

taste and pencil, and acquired much of the style and air of that school, as apparent in her portraits. She was little inferior to her cotemporaries with respect to colouring, strength, force, or life, and worked with a great body of colours.

Mrs. Beale painted more portraits of the dignified clergy than any artist of her time. Her price was five pounds for a head, and ten pounds for a half-length. It appears, that in one year she received for pictures four hundred and twenty-nine pounds, and that she and her husband devoted about two shillings in the pound of their incomes to charitable purposes. In the manuscripts of Mr. Oldys, Mrs. Beale, like Mrs. Killigrew *, is celebrated for her poetry, and is styled "that masculine poet, as well as painter, the incomparable Mrs. Beale." She paraphrased some of David's Psalms.

Mrs. Diana Curtis, first wife of Benjamin, late Bishop of Winchester, was a scholar of Mrs. Beale, and of her son. She died December 28, 1697, aged 65, and left two sons, Charles and Bartholomew, both of whom exercised the art of painting, but the latter relinquished the profession, and studied physic under Dr. Sydenham, and practised at Coventry, where he and his father died.

Some of her poetical productions are to be met with in Dr. Woodward's version of the psalms; and Bromley among her portraits, enumerates those of Bishop Wilkins, Viscount Falconberg, Bishop Stillingfleet, two of Archbishop Tillotson, the Reverend David Clarkson, Prebendary Horneck, Bishop Burnet, Rev. Edward French, Otway the poet, Dr. Sydenham, and the portrait of herself, of which the annexed is a copy, &c.

For curious memoranda relative to the private occurrences of artists of that day, the reader is referred to "Walpole's anecdotes of painters."

C.

* Vide November 1811.

THE FORCE OF NATURE.

AN HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

VISCOUNT MELFORT, a nobleman of great power, distinguished talents, and vast possessions; and whose ancestors had for time immemorial borne arms in support and defence of the royal prerogative, had, by his firm adherence to those principles of loyalty, which no change of circumstances could alter, or eradicate, incurred the displeasure and suspicion of the protector Cromwell; who finding it was not in his power to engage him in his interests, artfully contrived to accuse him of those misdemeanors against the state, that he knew would justify him in the exercise of such tyranny as would otherwise be deemed unjust and malevolent. Although he had confiscated the greatest part of his property, apprehensive that the popularity of the Viscount might at some future period be successfully employed against him, Cromwell determined, at all hazards, to remove the unfortunate object of his hatred from the possibility of such an attempt, and accordingly engaged secret emissaries to assassinate him. Melfort apprised of his danger, escaped to the continent, where he remained for some time concealed, a prey to the most poignant anxiety, having left behind him, in England, a daughter, the only offspring of his union with one of the most amiable of women. He had, at his departure, consigned this precious object to the care of his sister, a lady far advanced in years, who unfortunately died about twelve months after she had received the lovely Julia under her protection. The intelligence of this event no sooner reached Lord Melfort, then, alarmed beyond description for the safety of his now-defenceless child, he resolved to brave all personal danger, and to return immediately to England. This rash plan was no sooner imagined than executed: he had however the precaution to disguise his person, and so scrupulously

avoided any measure that might subject him to suspicion or discovery, that even his daughter was ignorant of his intention till the moment he appeared before her, and clasped her to his agitated bosom. Julia loved her father with the most ardent affection, but the joy which his presence would have afforded her, under other circumstances, was now sensibly diminished by the knowledge of the perils to which he had exposed himself for her sake. Trembling, and in tears, she withdrew from his fond embrace. "Ah, my father," she cried, "what have you done? the desire to serve me will perhaps cost you your life; how could you hope to elude the vigilance of the subtle Cromwell, who has the art of learning all that passes, in despite of the utmost caution?" "Do not alarm yourself, my child," replied Melfort, again embracing her, "I am willing to renounce all my property in this country for your sake. Let us fly together, my Julia, and a benign Providence will watch over us. Should it so happen that this design is frustrated, we can at least console ourselves with the idea of dying together." Perhaps Julia, young and sanguine, graced with every personal charm, and mental advantage, was not desirous of being so abruptly taken from a scene, in which although she had experienced some anxieties, she nevertheless expected to find many joys. Certain it is, she did not second her father's suggestions with all the enthusiasm which he expected, for she immediately turned pale, hung her head, and seemed at a loss what reply to make. "What says my child?" resumed Lord Melfort, anxiously. "I will never forsake you, my father!" replied Julia, grasping his hand with energy; "but this proposition is so unexpected, and so many things must be arranged before we can quit England, that I tremble for your safety in the interim: will you, my dear father, take my advice, and secrete yourself in the subterraneous apartments, until I can be in readiness to attend you? your accommodation shall be my care, and the domestics even shall not know of your being here." She spoke with eagerness, and the rapidity of an almost despairing expectation. "It is excellently devised, Julia," said Lord

Melfort, "the caverns beneath this building are spacious; a little exertion on our part may render them no unprofitable an asylum: you can, by degrees, remove thither several conveniences, and with your society, and a good stock of books, I think such a retreat would be comparatively comfortable."

Delighted with his ready acquiescence in a measure, which the most cruel necessity on her side dictated, Julia lost no time in rendering this asylum habitable: a dry vaulted chamber was selected as the best the situation afforded, and Julia herself, with indefatigable zeal, removed into it such articles of furniture, apparel, &c. as could in any degree contribute to her father's convenience; and so satisfied was Melfort with his secure retreat, that after the first week he ceased to intimate any design of quitting it. For the first fortnight after his seclusion, Julia devoted as much of her time as she possibly could, without exciting suspicion in the household, to enliven her father's solitude; but after that period an inexplicable change took place in her conduct; her interviews with Lord Melfort were short and less frequent; she seemed to labour under extreme dejection of spirits, and to all her father's remonstrance and solicitations, replied only with tears or assurances, that she only absented herself from him for their mutual safety. Hard, indeed, was the task allotted to the unhappy Julia, whose tenderness of heart had placed her in a situation the most trying, and in which it was almost impossible to reconcile two opposite duties; for Julia was at that period a wife. Soon after her father's departure from England, she had listened to the addresses of the young and amiable Raymond, who, sanctioned by the favour of her aunt, succeeded in obtaining her affections while she remained ignorant of his political sentiments. What then was her consternation at discovering, too late, that Raymond was one of the most zealous partizans of Cromwell. Luckily he was absent at court when Lord Melfort returned, and thereby afforded her an opportunity of concealing her father, which could not otherwise have been obtained. Julia knew too well the impetuous temper of Lord Melfort to confide this

fatal secret to him, who she was certain would prefer instant death to the disgrace of owing his safety to a man so high in favour with the protector; while on the other hand she was well aware that by serving her parent, Raymond must, if so inclined, expose himself to certain ruin and disgrace. Painful as was the alternative, Julia was under the necessity of acting with duplicity on both sides, but the conflict was so great that her health and spirits were materially affected. She still exerted herself to the utmost; her father's support depended upon her; and should she be incapable of conveying to him his daily provisions, the secret must be disclosed, or Lord Melfort perish for want of sustenance. Thus torn by conflicting emotions, poor Julia scarcely knew what course to pursue; she was several times upon the point of throwing herself at her father's feet, of confessing her condition, and of imploring his forgiveness for her indiscretion. Eventually, perhaps, she might have done so, had not a circumstance occurred, which by reviving all her apprehensions, convinced her that such a measure would be both futile and imprudent. In one of the volumes which she had taken from the library, to amuse Lord Melfort, she had unguardedly left a billet, received from Raymond a short time previous to their marriage: it was filled with tender assurances and entreaties that she would consent to unite herself to him. The name was too well known to Lord Melfort not to excite immediate rage and indignation, and no sooner did Julia appear before him, than he burst upon her with ungovernable fury. "Perfidious and unworthy girl!" he exclaimed, "is this thy obedience to a father's will, thy care of a father's interest? open the door of my prison; let me rush upon destruction, since my child even leagues with my enemies to draw down misery upon my devoted head."

Terrified almost to death, Julia fell prostrate at the feet of her incensed parent. "Yet hear me, my father," she cried, "or see me expire at your feet: heaven knows what my sufferings have been. It is true I love Raymond, that I loved him before I knew to which side his political sentiments in-

clined; yet think not that I will betray you, my father: ah, no! your life, your honour, is dearer to me than all the world beside: to preserve your safety I have struggled even against a fatal malady which gradually overpowers me; I fear I cannot long survive; do not then embitter my last hours by overwhelming me with your maledictions. Oh, my father! do not, do not curse me!" Lord Melfort gazed on his daughter in silent anguish: he now for the first time noticed her faded cheek and hollow eyes; the tremulous feeble tones of her voice touched his heart, and not suspecting that she was really married, he suffered his resentment to give place to parental tenderness. "Curse you, my child," repeated Melfort, raising her in his arms: "ah, Julia, to what a pitch of phrenzy must I be wrought ere my lips could pronounce so dreadful a sentence! no, girl, I believe you sincere, and I pity the weakness which has led you astray: this idle passion has been nourished for want of opposition; now filial duty will enable you to conquer a prepossession so degrading; but you must be no longer exposed to temptation: we will fly, my child, while yet we can fly with safety."

Julia was incapable of making any answer: exhausted and overcome with emotion, she fainted in her father's arms. When she revived, she found herself supported on his bosom, his tears trickling warm upon her pale face. "Look up, my love," he uttered, in faltering accents; "forgive the violence which has thus shocked thy gentle nature. Thou hast suffered much for me, and I am not such a tyrant as to exult in thy misery: we will not talk of quitting England now; in thy present weak state it would be madness to project so wild a scheme; but one promise, Julia, would make thy father happy." "Oh name it, name it," exclaimed Julia, eagerly. "It is not a light one, Julia," replied Lord Melfort; "promise not to marry Raymond, and a father's best blessing will await thee." Julia now perceiving the error he was in, trembled more violently than before; her father's brow was again clouded, and some bitter expression would have followed, had not Julia, slipping from his arms, sunk on her knees, and

raising her hands in supplication to heaven, seemed for a moment absorbed in prayer; then turning to Lord Melfort, she said, "Hear me now, my father, while I swear that for your sake I renounce all hopes but those which spring for your safety and advantage; your interests shall be mine; we will live and die together, and if I ever forsake you, may I be forsaken by Him who has enjoined love and obedience to a parent as the first of duties!" Lord Melfort, satisfied by this solemn promise, felt all his confidence in Julia restored, and they separated with mutual assurances of affection and fidelity.

Raymond, who was passionately attached to his wife, had perceived with alarm her declining state of health, and a depression of spirits for which he was at a loss to account: whenever he importuned her on the subject, she pleaded in excuse her anxiety on her father's account: still Raymond felt persuaded that some more powerful cause affected her to such a visible degree, and occasionally an impulse of jealousy predominated, although nothing occurred to strengthen his suspicions. "This place is too dull for you, Julia," said he to her one day; "it is proper that you should mix with the world, and enjoy some of the pleasures which our rank in life affords. The Protector is anxious for you to appear at court: you have never offended him, and he is too partial to me to suffer my wife to remain in obscurity, although your father has, by obstinately persisting in hereditary prejudices, subjected himself to his displeasure." Julia shuddered. "I cannot, indeed I cannot appear at court, Raymond: this solitude is more congenial to my feelings; importune me not to quit it, I beseech you." "Strange infatuation!" murmured Raymond; "some secret cause of attachment to this place must subsist." Julia started and changed colour: Raymond perceived her emotion, and a deadly pang shot across his bosom. "You do not speak," said he, somewhat harshly; "it is true, then, there is a secret cause." "Oh! no, no," exclaimed Julia, panting with terror: "I have no cause, only I like this place; I do not wish to leave it." "This is all childish, Julia," returned Raymond; "I again repeat it, you

must appear at court: Cromwell commands it, and a refusal would subject us to his most dire resentment; he has heaped favours on me, and I cannot, will not, appear ungrateful."

Julia heard him without attempting to dissuade him from his purpose: she knew the obligations he was under to the protector; but her recent vow to her father left her only one course to pursue. As soon as Raymond quitted her, she hastened to the subterraneous retreat. "I have resolved, my father," said she, "to quit England without delay: to night I will accompany you: have no fears upon my account; I have none for myself." "But why this haste, this agitation, my child?" enquired her father. "Ask me not," returned Julia; "I will explain all at some future period; suffice it, I am afraid you are no longer safe here, and the sooner we depart the better." "Be it as thou wilt, my love," replied Melfort; "I am willing to act according to thy direction." "At break of day, then, we will fly," said Julia; "till then, I will quit you only to obtain a few hours repose."

In this promise, however, Julia deceived her father: the whole of that sad night she passed in tears, and in writing to her husband a full explanation of the fatal necessity which obliged her to abandon him; assuring him of her tenderest and unalterable regard.

Raymond meanwhile, a prey to the most tormenting suspicions, had not returned to court as he pretended he should that night, but remained in the neighbourhood, at the house of a friend, until a late hour; when restless and dissatisfied, he resolved to watch near his own residence, and discover, if possible, whether there was any foundation for his surmises. When he came within sight of the mansion, he perceived a light in his wife's chamber, and could distinguish her shadow as she paced up and down the room. Still unwilling to betray himself by an abrupt entrance, he remained stationary near the garden wall: presently the light disappeared, and all remained still for above an hour, when Raymond, weary of this fruitless watching, approached the front entrance, and was just preparing to ring the bell, when he recollected that he had a

key of the garden gate, by means of which he could probably enter the house, without rousing the domestics: he proceeded to the other side for this purpose, and had just reached the gate, when to his equal horror and surprise, he beheld Julia wrapped in a large mantle leaning on the arm of a man, who in tender accents besought her to keep up her spirits, and exert herself for his sake. Without waiting to hear more, Raymond impetuously rushed forward, and drawing his sword, attacked the unguarded Melfort, who would inevitably have received the blow aimed at his heart, had not Julia instantly perceiving his danger, thrown herself before him, and shrieking, "My father! oh, spare my father!" fell senseless to the ground. Recalled to reason by this exclamation, Raymond threw aside his sword, and united his endeavours to those of Melfort to revive his unfortunate wife: they bore her into the house, and in the immediate apprehension of her danger, the peculiarity of their respective situations was entirely forgotten; so often does the hour of calamity unite those in one interest who have previously been objects of aversion to each other. "I have killed my Julia, my sweet, my beloved wife," were expressions which continually burst from the lips of Raymond, as he was madly tearing his linen to stop the stream of blood which flowed fast from her arm. Lord Melfort heard him with astonishment, but the resentment such a discovery would at any other time have excited, was now subdued by the pitiable situation in which he beheld his darling child. "Good God!" he exclaimed, "it is I who have been the cause of all this; for me she would have forsaken even her husband. Oh, Raymond, how must you execrate my memory; but vengeance is now in your hands; I give myself up a voluntary sacrifice to your just resentment: I am that Melfort for whose head the highest rewards are offered; I shall no longer seek to screen myself at the price of this dear child's happiness: had I known the sacrifice she was about to make, sooner should the tyrant Cromwell have been satiated with the blood of his victim, than I have put to such an agonizing trial the only object of my love and solici-

tude upon earth: fatal, fatal, concealment!" "Forbear, my lord," said Raymond, with dignity; "nor think me mean enough to take advantage of the present distressing circumstances to your prejudice. You claim my respect as the father of my Julia, and I sincerely deplore the unhappy difference of political opinions which compel me to offer you my friendship and filial attentions. Fly then, my lord, while you can do so with safety; should your being here reach the knowledge of the Protector, even I have not sufficient interest to save you from his resentment." "I do justice to the generosity of your sentiments," replied Lord Melfort; "but be assured no selfish consideration can induce me to quit this beloved child; act as you please, but from her side power alone shall tear me." Finding him resolute in his determination, Raymond offered no further advice: a surgeon was immediately sent for, who declared it his opinion that the wound Julia had received was dangerous, but not mortal. Recovering from the temporary insensibility occasioned by extreme terror and loss of blood, Julia opened her eyes, and beholding her father and husband standing amicably together at her side, a smile of satisfaction stole over her countenance: she took a hand of each, and pressing them to her bosom, feebly ejaculated, "Dearest objects of my affection, make my last moments blissful by promising to bear no enmity against each other: I feel that I have not long to live: for my sake, then, lay aside those prejudices which have already involved us all in calamity: be friends; I entreat you to be friends." "We are," cried Raymond, sensibly affected by her tender address: "make yourself easy, my beloved Julia, and believe my solemn assurance, that I will strain every nerve to serve your father, if he is willing to accept such service at my hands." "What say you, my father?" asked Julia, anxiously fixing her eyes upon Lord Melfort; "will you make no sacrifice for my sake?" This appeal was irresistible; the recollection of what she had done, and was preparing to do for him, awakened every tender feeling, and sinking down on his knees by her bedside, he cried, "Yes, my Julia; the Force of Nature is

more powerful than all the delusive phantoms of imaginary honour: I am a father; that is sufficient: here, Raymond, accept my sword, and make what arrangements you please with the protector; but remember no fear of death prompts this submission; to spare the gentle heart of this sweet sufferer, is the sole motive of an action which even now tinges my cheek with an indignant blush. No matter: this, and much more, I owe to her." Raymond took the Viscount's sword with respect. "I trust," said he, "I shall be no unsuccessful advocate, and that my Julia will live to bless me with a smile of approbation."

Finding that his wife was gaining strength, Raymond was anxious to obtain an audience of the protector, and immediately hastened to court. Knowing that Cromwell was extremely tenacious of his reputation for justice and clemency, he rushed into his presence without ceremony, and throwing himself at his feet before the whole council then assembled, entreated his attention.

Surprised at such an unusual mode of application, Cromwell desired him to proceed, and Raymond so successfully pleaded the cause of the unfortunate outlaw, and drew such an affecting picture of filial piety and parental tenderness, as melted the audience into tears. Cromwell appeared confounded; but perceiving which way their feelings inclined, he deemed it most politic to dissemble his vexation, and affecting to be deeply moved by the recital, pronounced a free pardon for Lord Melfort, with an entire restitution of his confiscated property.

Raymond, exulting in his success, flew back to his wife with the welcome tidings, and rejoiced the heart of his almost despairing Julia, who now released from all apprehension on her father's account, soon recovered her health and spirits. Lord Melfort, deeply interested in the welfare of his daughter and her husband, condescended to renounce his political tenets, and found comfort in the reflection, that if his conduct was not strictly justifiable according to his rigid notions of honour, it was more commendable, by being in conformity with moral

duty and the precepts of christianity. Cromwell, as ostentatious in the display of his magnanimity, as crafty in gratifying his vengeance, now thought proper to load the family of Melfort with benefits, and conferred upon Raymond such repeated favours, as soon raised him to the pinnacle of affluence and fame; while the excellent Julia, in the endearing characters of wife and daughter, presented a pattern of virtue worthy the happiness which her exemplary conduct had procured her.

E. T.

REMARKS ON DRESS

DURING THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE.

From the Rev. Mark Noble's continuation of Grainger.

THE dress in this reign did not differ very considerably from that of the last; but after the conclusion of peace, French fashions were imported, much to the satisfaction of the youth of both sexes, though they were greatly disapproved of by the sedate and aged members of the community. The gentlemen contracted the size of their wigs; and, when in an undress, tied up some of the most flowing of the curls: those received the name of Ramillie wigs, and afterwards tie-wigs; but were never worn in full dress. The cravat had long ends, that fell on the breast; and were generally of point lace, but sometimes only bordered or fringed. The coat was long, and open at the bottom of the sleeves, for there were no cuffs; and was edged with gold or silver from the top (as it had no collar) to the skirt, with clasps and buttons the whole length, and at the opening at the sleeve. Young gentlemen frequently had the sleeves only half way down the arm, and the short sleeve

very full, and deeply ruffled. An ornamental belt kept the coat tight at the bottom of the waist. The vest, and lower part of the dress, had little clasps, and was seldom seen. The roll-up stocking came into vogue at this period, and the sandal was much used by the young men: those were finely wrought. The elder gentlemen had the shoe fastened with small buckles upon the instep; and raised, but not high heels.

The ladies wore the hair in a becoming manner, curled round the face. The flowing coif, or rather veil, of the finest linen, fastened upon the head, fell behind, and prevailed till the high projecting head dress was restored, after it had been discontinued fifteen years. Swift observed, when dining with Sir Thomas Hanmer, the Dutchess of Grafton, who was there, wore this unbecoming, ungraceful, Babel head-dress, and who looked, said the cynic, "like a mad woman." The large necklace was still used, though not constantly worn; but the ear-ring was discontinued. The bosom was either entirely exposed, or merely shaded by gauze; an indecency that gave great and equal offence to prudent fathers, and ladies whose necks no longer vied in whiteness with the down of swans. The chemise had a tucker or border, but that seldom concealed what it ought to have hid. It is usual for our silver money to have the royal bust with drapery, and the gold pieces without any. Queen Anne commanded that the drapery should appear upon both the gold and silver coin. It did honour to her delicacy. The boddice was open in front, and fastened with gold or silver clasps or jewellery; the sleeves full. The large *tub* hoop made its appearance in this reign, and was of all things the most absurd. However, the apology for its absurdity was its coolness in summer, by admitting a free circulation of air. Grainger says, "it was no more a petticoat, than Diogenes's tub was his breeches." Swift says, in one of his letters to his friend in Ireland:—"Have you got the whale-bone petticoat amongst you yet? I hate them: a woman here may hide a moderate gallant under them." Henry IV. of France, it is well known, was saved from assassination by hiding himself under his queen's (Margaret of

Valois) hoop.—Every thing, however preposterous, may be made useful. The flounces and furbelows, which began in this reign, became so enormously ridiculous, that they forcibly attracted my attention in my youth. Embroidered shoes continued in fashion, and both ladies and gentlemen had their gloves richly embroidered.

Queen Ann strictly observed decorum in her dress, and is said to have carried it so far, as to appear to have made it her study: and would often condescend to observe in her domestics of either sex, whether a ruffle or perriwig, or the lining of a coat, were appropriate. Lord Bolingbroke was once sent for in haste by the queen, and went to her Majesty in a Rammillie or tie-wig, instead of a full-bottomed one, which so offended his sovereign, that she said, “I suppose that his lordship will come to court, the next time, in his night-cap.”

THE GOSSIPER.

NO. VIII.

BEING myself a constant worshipper of my Creator, on the day he has appointed to be kept holy, I conceive it not irrelevant to the subject, to make a few observations on what is termed going to Church: but, lest my volatile readers should be alarmed at the idea of a sermon, I think it proper to premise, that I do not intend entering upon a biblical treatise, or attempt to set them asleep with a polemical declamation. My remarks, therefore, shall be confined to the moral duty only, as it may render them happier in themselves, and more amiable to others, and even make their persons more powerfully attractive than the gayest attire, or the most fashionable habiliments.

Human nature, it is thought, is so beset with temptations, and so little is our resolution exerted to counteract them, that persons in the higher circles do not hesitate to confess, that as the allurements of pleasure are too powerful to with-

stand, it is useless to resist their fascination. They, however, forget, that indolence is too often the prompter of these suggestions, and that an unwillingness to resist the silken trammels of desire, is the promoter of such impious ideas; for the Almighty has expressly declared, that, where he has permitted the temptation, he has endowed us with the faculty to avoid the snare.

But if we find a difficulty in obeying some of the sterner laws of Christianity, surely those of mere morality are not so impracticable. Why then are those little kindnesses which we exchange with each other at home, forgotten in the house of God, particularly, when they do not interfere with the ordinances of divine worship? "The rich and the poor," we are told, "meet together, and the Lord is the maker of them all." Is it therefore to be supposed that the Creator will shew the smallest predilection in favour of birth or fortune, or condemn the prayer of the lowly publican, who begs that he will be merciful to him a sinner?

Is it not sufficiently reprehensible that the modern fine lady, fatigued by the pleasures of the preceding night, and regardless of her future felicity, should languish on the bed of sloth, until the matin peal has ceased to summon her to devotion, without disturbing those, by her ostentatious entrance, who were engaged in their solemn duties during those hours which she so thoughtlessly devoted to repose? Must the vigilant and the pious be annoyed by her negligence, or be checked in their devotions by the pride and anger she does not fail to disclose, at finding her place in the church already occupied by the humbler suppliant at the throne of mercy; who, unconscious of offence, is perhaps indebted to some pecuniary offering for that accommodation which decorum demands? How strenuous is the giddy female in obtaining her right; with what energy does she strain every nerve to attain the elevated post, although difficulties present themselves, which a sense of propriety should restrain her from contending with. Her countenance, before so smiling with unmeaning civilities, is now soured with contempt; her manners appear to

demand that attention which her conduct repulses; her body, in exterior so elegant, is inwardly deformed with pride; her heart seems bursting with envy and disappointment, and in this mood does she presume to address her Redeemer, who was all meekness, humility, and self-denial.

It is, however, to the credit of the age we live in, that religion is not an unfashionable pursuit, and that impiety, whatever trappings it may wear, is very generally stigmatized.

No real well-bred person will venture to ridicule the ordinances of religion, even though he be unconvinced as to their absolute utility. This truth being admitted, I would ask our unfeeling ladies of *Ton*, who attend church for the sake of parade, (for unfeeling I must call those who are insensible to the pleasures of devotion,) if they imagine that they appear in an unamiable point of view, by devoting one day in the week to the duties they owe to God and to their neighbour? Is there any thing inelegant in the uplifted eye, the head bending in adoration, or any indecorum in opening their pew-door to age or sickness? Why have our greatest painters, who are not deficient in judgment as to the attitudes of grace, chosen the posture of prayer and charitable offices for their virgins, their saints, and their Madonnas? In this demonstration of their duty, they have ever claimed the admiration of the best of our sex; and if any of my fair correspondents, by a contrary deportment, have the ambition to please the worst, reason, if not gallantry, compels me to confess, that I cannot but entertain a very contemptible idea of their intellectual abilities.

Let not my female friends, I conjure them, under the apprehension of being thought hypocrites, appear to us unworthy of esteem; and let them, in every situation in life, recollect, that the poor and the ignorant, the more they are enlightened and acquainted with their religious duties, will not only become better Christians, but better servants; especially when they receive those attentions from their superiors, which far from degrading them in their eyes, render them infinitely more beautiful, and give them a higher opinion of their

understanding, from the respect they shew to their Maker, and their uniform observance of his commands.

The mother of Amanda dying before she was a year old, she was left under the care of her father, one of those kind of men, who think religion a proper institution for poor people, and whose belief in a state of rewards and punishments, was founded on the conviction that it prevents his servants from robbing him. Her aunt, with whom she was educated, was a presbyterian, the rest of her family were Calvinists. She enquired into all the persuasions; she found religion was necessary to her happiness, for she possessed the most refined sensibility. She soon discovered that many would have saved themselves much misery had they been brought up in a religious manner: she argued that devotion could not make a man worse, and ought to render him better; she was not long in determining which doctrine she ought to follow, and adopted that of the established church. Amanda is young and lively, she enjoys most of the amusements of life, but she suffers none of them to entrench upon her duty.

Should the opera detain her late at night, she does not allow it to interfere with her Sunday avocations. She is always seated ere the clergyman enters his desk. If at any time her eyes are observed to wander, the poor suppliant, bending with age, is not disregarded; he is offered a seat near her, and if uninformed, she assists him in his devotions. The poor and the sick, the young and the old, claim alike her assistance, so indifferent is she to the titter of rudeness, or the charge of officiousness. If praised by our sex for her personal attractions, she answers the compliments with a smile, by observing, that if really beautiful, she is an example that religion is not confined to the old and the ugly; and that her duty to her Creator does not render her insensible to the regards of friendship, or is incompatible with good manners and affability.

C.

THE BANDITTI OF THE FOREST;

OR,

THE MYSTERIOUS DAGGER.

Concluded from page 23.

CHAP. VIII.

"A deed without a name!"

SHAKESPEARE.

"IS it possible that a wretch like me, whose sins are numberless as the stars of heaven, can be permitted to live and to flatter himself that he might yet be happy but for thee, oh conscience! who art a hell within me: oh, my merciful protectors, how will you spurn the serpent from you, whose life you have preserved when you finish my narrative; and you, my kind hostess, how will you abhor me, when you learn that I was the murderer of your husband; but I fly from you for ever; never more can my guilty face, after this confession, be opposed to yours: 'twas I who murdered him, my coward-hand struck the fatal blow: ah, my brain burns; recollections ye would madden me: I tremble; the pen falls from my hand.

* * * * *

"Once more I endeavour to continue my detail; oh, merciful heaven! if such a wretch as I am, may ask for mercy, here humbled to the dust, let me invoke thee, and suffer me, in peace, to expiate my crimes by a candid confession.

"Austria gave me birth; my father's name was Rudolpho; but I neither remember him nor my mother; they died during my infancy, and were spared from witnessing the profligacy of their son. I am related, as you are, to the wretch Zittau; to

him I owe all my misery, but he will in the end be punished. Being left without a friend, my only dependance was on your uncle. When I attained a proper age, and was tolerably schooled in iniquity, I entered the German service, where, as in most camps, I found vice in all its gradations, and profligacy reign triumphant.†

“Night followed night in one continued round of licentiousness, and I joined in every enormity without one idea being entertained, how soon I might meet the blow of an avenging God, from the mouth of the enemy's cannon on the following morning. I was soon taught to believe that there was no avenging Power; this I had no wish to discredit, and Zittau had even more reason than myself to hope the opinion was true.

“The war being concluded, having already murdered one man in the prosecution of my pleasures; as my money became entirely dissipated, the mansion of Zittau was my only resource; he was also my superior officer, and his will my law. Never was a wretch so abused in return for the services I had rendered him; he instilled into my mind every base sentiment, and sapped the foundation of every religious principle. Before this last return to Zittau, all my faults arose from imprudence, now they became the designs of the sophisticated murderer; there was not any crime I would hesitate to execute; no virtue but what excited my ridicule.

“Pedatra was the daughter of Count Zittau's steward, whom he desired; I will not say he loved her, for that would be profane. Her parents were poor, and unable to resist his inclinations: Pedatra was surrendered to his arms. Weary in a little time of the object of his passion, Zittau resolved upon her destruction; and no one appeared so proper as myself to accomplish his guilty purpose. He proposed a bribe, which I accepted, and conveying her in secret to a place suitable for so horrid a deed, a poignard ended her life, and that of an innocent babe, the fruit of his lawless and transient amour.

“Inhuman wretch! methinks I hear you exclaim: ah, you know not indeed the blackness of this heart; but you must yet wade further with me in blood, and read the last outrage

to humanity, of which I was guilty. Time and reflection had brought me to a sense of my deeds, when Zittau entered my apartment: 'Say, Gudolfo,' uttered he, 'can thy heart murder a man? thy arm has shed infants' blood? couldst thou meet thy fellow in open combat?' This suspicion of my courage I could not bear; I dared him to expose me to any being. Stimulated, alas! by this bravado, and by hopes of further reward, your friend, the Baron Holstein, became my next victim; and your death it was resolved should follow. But you may wonder what could possess me to riot in the blood of those who never offended me; I must recall some circumstances to your mind to solve this apparent mystery. 'Gudolfo,' said Zittau, 'I have something of consequence to unfold: I have had many proofs of your fidelity, and have given you many testimonies of my friendship: but I must put your regard to another trial: thou knowest the youthful Albert is thine enemy; he is now nearly of age, and about to enjoy his patrimony: thou knowest also, how inconvenient it is for me to restore those effects, that I have converted to our mutual use. This boy, friend, is enamoured of Adelaide, the daughter of Count Holstein, at whose castle he is become a frequent inmate; and so pleased is the maid with his love-sick nonsense, that they have agreed to be united in marriage. Holstein's demands I cannot meet: for his daughter's interest, I shall be called upon for an *éclaircissement* of Albert's claims, and as I cannot restore the money I have secured, except at your destruction and mine, let Holstein be dispatched, and Albert's inheritance shall be yours: yes,' added he, emphatically; 'half the fortune of your implacable enemy.'

"I remained for a time immersed in thought; when Zittau fearful that I might relent, recounted with vehemence the insults I had experienced, and the injury I had received: painted in glowing colours the charms of Redora, whom Albert had wrested from my arms; and described the strength of our castle in the forest, to which, after the murder of Holstein, I might retreat; and inflaming my passions to the highest pitch of vengeance, left me capable of doing any deed of

horror. A little time after, aided by the steward, whom we corrupted to poison the ear of the countess, the baron by our hands met his fate."

The countess here swooned at the horrid recital, and was conveyed to her apartment. At her departure, a horrible curiosity impelled them to continue the memorial, which further disclosed, that the steward died by poison given by Zittau; and the awful death of this man, for the first time, awakened contrition in the soul of Gudolfo; but let his own words relate the dark feelings of his soul.

"The baron fell from the first wound I inflicted, and my too ready companions in blood finished the deed. And now, my lord, adieu for ever: you know the rest; and let your joint maledictions fall on my head. The life of penitence I have sworn to live, will be horror indeed: and, oh! I dare not die: yes, I go far from you, deserving young man; it is not fitting that the same country should retain us: I water the path with my tears; I seek some distant monastery to shelter me; I beg the mountains to hide me from myself; oh! pray for me, pity me; for you can never know the poignant regret of the repentant Gudolfo."

An awful silence pervaded the apartment; horror and grief sat on each brow: they took a sad farewell, that Adelaide might visit the countess, whose endearing attentions soon expelled the gloomy sensations Gudolfo's tale had inspired. They recovered her so much as to make her resolve to finish it by herself on the morrow; and when Adelaide was about to return to Albert, she begged that masses might be offered up for the soul of the repentant sinner. The detention of Albert's estate, was a serious evil; but while his mind fluctuated between leaving his wife in the first months of connubial felicity, in order to regain them, and the dread of experiencing his uncle's resentment, a stranger demanded an interview with Lord Albert, and was ushered in the armory. He was the bearer of a packet, which required immediate perusal; and retiring to Adelaide, Albert broke the seal, and read the following words:—

"Once more, my lord, the repentant Gudolfo addresses you; he informs you, that you are fully revenged, for your enemies are no more; your uncle, the once detested Zittau, has met with that death his atrocious life demanded. Batoni, the bearer of this, witnessed his fate; accompanied solely by him, a few days after the dispersion of our gang, Zittau was thrown from his horse, down an immense precipice; his companions heard him fall, and the next morning beheld his mangled limbs scattered below. Once more, my lord; adieu! adieu for ever."

No time was now lost in arranging the affairs of Albert: he was again put in the full possession of his estates; and the fascination of his wife had so far recovered the spirits of her mother, that one evening she did not hesitate to entertain them with anecdotes of her early life; and amongst others, she related the circumstance of the Mysterious Dagger, of which, Albert now begged a solution.

"Wear it my child," said the countess, "for ever; and although in the contemplation of it, I may regret the memory of my lost lord; yet in its becoming the property of the restorer of our family honours, I can view it without any alarming emotions. It was the property of your grandfather, Adelaide: engaged one night in a feudal quarrel, three persons sought his life; his courage would have availed him nothing, had not a gallant stranger interfered, who crying out, 'forbear,' mingled in the fight: they soon became masters of the field; but the stranger knight, after receiving our hospitalities, died in Palestine. On this dagger, a present from Sir Hugh, we had the word 'Forbear,' as a motto, engraved. It was this weapon that assisted in saving the life of Count Holstein, who presented it to his son. Behold it, Albert," said the countess; "it is of a singular construction: used in the ordinary way, the embellishments of a German eagle only appear; but clutch it violently, you touch a spring which throws out a double point; press it thus slightly, you see it as quickly recedes."

Struck with the invention, and the service it had performed, Albert regarded the dagger as an interposition of Providence, and held it in veneration.

The dilapidated castle of Albert, restored to its former grandeur, now resounded with music and joy. His dependants now shared in his happiness; and in the school of Adversity having learnt the true value of life; in the endearments of his wife and children Albert experienced unsullied felicity. When the rude tempest rocked the battlements, seated in dignified repose he related to his offspring the tale of adverse times, and in what manner he overcame "the Banditti of the Forest."

C.

IDEA of a GOOD WOMAN, according to the GENTOOS.

A WOMAN, who is of a good disposition, who puts on her jewels and clothes with decorum, and is of good principles; whenever the husband is cheerful, the wife also is cheerful, and if he husband be sorrowful; the wife also is sorrowful, whenever the husband undertakes a journey, the wife puts on a careless dress, and lays aside her jewels and other ornaments, and abuses no person, and will not expend a single * *dàm* without her husband's consent, and having a son, takes proper care of the household goods, and at the times of worship performs her worship to the Deity in a proper manner; who is chaste in her conduct, and makes no quarrels or disturbances, and has no inordinate passions, and is always employed in some good work, and pays a proper respect to all persons: such is a GOOD WOMAN.

* A small coin.

ON DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

To the Editor of the Lady's Museum.

Quid

Conueniat nobis, rebusque sit utile nostris.

JUV.

ALTHOUGH the principal object and endeavour of my writings is to amuse, yet as matters of very considerable import to us all, at this time, forcibly command our attention, I trust that my fair readers will not consider my present observations and advice unworthy their notice.

Engaged as we are in an expensive but just war, against one of the most artful monsters that ever degraded the human character; every port on the continent closed against our commerce---we are most imperiously called upon, as we value our prosperity, and even independance as a nation, to encourage our own manufactures, to make use of the produce of our colonies, and to abstain from the consumption of every article that can encrease the revenue of our enemy.

I would first recommend the substitution of coffee for tea. For tea we send bullion out of the country, and of course favour our enemy's projects; by using coffee, which is considerably cheaper, we dispose of our colonial produce in the purchase of our home manufactures, and thus relieve the merchant and the manufacturer, to whose ruin the despot of France looks for ultimate success. It is besides very generally admitted, that coffee is more wholesome than tea; the former contains a great deal of nourishment, and strengthens the stomach; the latter, on the contrary, possesses relaxing and weakening qualities.

I would next advise the disuse of French wines and brandies: these articles materially benefit the finances of our enemy, and consequently enable him to carry on the war against us with greater energy. The East India Directors have set an example, which the nation at large will do well to follow; they have resolved, "not to drink at their own tables, or at those of other

persons, any wines whatever of French production, until it shall appear that the exchange is in favour of this country."

What I would lastly (tho' by no means of least importance) call the attention particularly of my fair readers to, is our own manufactories. We all of us know the present state of them. We know the privations and misery that the labouring class of people undergo. The violent steps taken by the Nottingham rioters, we may with reason condemn; but when we consider that they, their wives, and families are almost starving, we must commiserate their situation, at the same time that we lament the ill-judged measures they take to remedy it. Surely then (if no other considerations) humanity would induce us to relieve the distresses of our fellow citizens; but believe me, my fair country-women, we have even greater incentives than humanity and pity to impell us to succour our indigent fellow subjects. Yes. Our artful and inveterate enemy is well aware that by excluding us from the continent, he takes the most effectual means of ruining a nation like ours, so considerably dependant on commerce. We ought therefore to be on our guard; we ought to retaliate on him, by not taking any of his commodities; and as much as is in our power, to support our manufactories.

It is not in the field nor on the ocean that we need fear an enemy, whilst we can preserve our internal resources: but when these fail us, we must inevitably fall. If we look to the continent, poverty, wretchedness, and the most abject slavery every where present themselves. With these melancholy examples before our eyes, let us take warning while we have the power, let us pursue the most effectual means of resisting the deadly foe to liberty and humanity, by supporting our own manufacturers and merchants: the tyrant may then in vain prevent us from enjoying ourselves, and transmitting to our posterity a constitution, the admiration and envy of the whole civilized world, a constitution incalculably dear to us, framed by the wisdom, and established by the blood of our ancestors.

I am, sir, &c. &c.

PUBLICOLA.

M. DE SALLO, THE FRENCH JOURNALIST.

IT is to M. de Sallo that the literary world is obliged for the invention of journals, which, at a small expence, give us specimens of the labour of the ingenious, in all parts where letters are cultivated. In 1664 he began the *Journal des Sçavans*, which was continued with so much reputation. As the following adventure will do him no less honour among those who raise virtue above all endowments, it is here related with all its circumstances.

In the year 1662, Paris was afflicted with a long and severe famine; when M. de Sallo, returning from a summer-evening's walk, with only a little foot-boy, a man came up to them, presented a pistol, and asked him for his money, but in a manner far from the resoluteness of an experienced robber. "You are come to the wrong man," answered M. de Sallo, "you will have no great booty from me; I have only three pistoles about me, which are not worth a scuffle; so much good may you do with them; but you are in a bad way." "The man took them and moved off, without insisting upon any thing further. Upon this M. de Sallo said to his lacquey, mind and dog that man secretly, that he may not be aware of you: but be you careful to see him housed, and bring me word of every thing." Away goes the boy, and follows him through several obscure streets, when he saw him go into a baker's shop, where he offered to change one of the pistoles, and buy a large brown loaf. About ten houses from thence he followed him into an alley, and found means to creep up to the fourth story after him, where he observed him go into a room, which was without any light but the light of the moon, and peeping through a crevice, he saw the man throw the loaf on the floor, and then, bursting into tears, heard him say, "There, eat your fill; that is the dearest loaf I ever bought; I have robbed a gentleman of three pistoles; so let us husband them well, and let me have no more teazings; for soon or late these doings must bring

me to the gallows, and all to satisfy your clamours. "His lamentations were answered by those of his family; and the wife, having at length calmed the agony of her mind, took up the loaf, and cut lunchions of it to four poor starving children. This scene of misery was reported in every particular, as well as his dexterity in following the robber. M. de Sallo gave orders to his boy to call him at five the next morning, when he should shew him the way to the man's dwelling. He enquired in the neighbourhood who the man was, who lived in such a chamber, with a wife and four children? the answer was, that he was a shoemaker, a very good kind of a man, and very industrious, a neat workman, but was burthened with a family, and had a hard struggle in these times.

Satisfied with this account, M. de Sallo ascends to the shoemaker's lofty residence, and knocked at the door, which was opened by the poor creature himself, who at first sight knowing him to be the person whom he had robbed the evening before, threw himself at his feet, and began to plead the extreme distress of his family, and to beg he would forgive his first crime. "No noise," answered M. de Sallo; "I have no intention to do you harm; you have a good character among your neighbours—but you must expect quickly to be cut short in such freedoms as you take with me. Hold your hand: here are thirty pistoles for you to buy leather; live close, and set your children a commendable pattern; and to put you further out of temptation to such unbecoming doings, as you are a neat workman, and I am not particularly engaged, take mine and the boy's measure for two pair of shoes each, which he shall call upon you for."

Having said this, he departed, leaving the shoemaker and his family no less astonished at his humanity, than penetrated with gratitude at his unexpected benevolence.

ON THE COFFEE TREE.

To the Editor of the Lady's Museum.

SIR,

HAVING in my last communication treated on the character and culture of the Coffee Tree, I shall now resume the subject, and lay before your readers a brief history of the introduction of that plant into Europe.

The earliest account we have of coffee is taken from a French manuscript in the National Library at Paris, by which we are informed that Schehabeddin Ben, an Arabian author of the fifteenth century of the Christians, attributes to Gemaleddin, Mufti of Aden, a city of Arabia Felix, the first introduction into that country of drinking coffee. He tells us that Gemaleddin, having occasion to travel into Persia, during his abode there, saw some of his countrymen drinking coffee, which at that time he did not much attend to; but on his return to Aden, finding himself indisposed, and remembering that he had seen his countrymen drinking coffee in Persia, in hopes of receiving some benefit from it, he determined to try it on himself; and, after making the experiment, not only recovered his health, but perceived other useful qualities in that liquor, such as relieving the head-ach, enlivening the spirits, and without prejudice to the constitution, preventing drowsiness. The example and authority of the Mufti also gave reputation to coffee. Some men of letters, and persons belonging to the law, adopted it. These were followed by the tradesmen and artisans that were under a necessity of working in the night, and such as were obliged to travel late after sun-set. At length the custom became general in Aden; and it was not only drunk in the night by those who were desirous of being kept awake, but in the day, for the sake of its other agreeable qualities.

Coffee being thus received at Aden, it passed by degrees to many neighbouring towns; and not long after reached Mecca,

From hence the custom extended itself to many other towns of Arabia, and particularly to Medina, and then to Grand Cairo in Egypt, where the dervises of the province of Yemen drank coffee the nights they intended to spend in devotion.

Coffee continued its progress through Syria, and was received at Damascus and Aleppo without opposition; and in the year 1544, and in the reign of the great Solomon, became known to the inhabitants of Constantinople, where coffee-houses were publicly opened, which were frequented by men of learning, and particularly poets, and other persons who came to amuse themselves with a game of chess or draughts, or to make acquaintance, and pass their time agreeably at a small expence.

It is not easy to determine at what time, or upon what occasion, the use of coffee passed from Constantinople to the western parts of Europe. It is, however, likely that the Venetians, upon account of the proximity of their dominions, and their great trade to the Levant, were the first acquainted with it; which appears from part of a letter written by Peter della Valle, a Venetian, in 1615, from Constantinople, in which he tells his friend, that upon his return he should bring him some coffee, which he believed was a thing unknown in his country.

In the year 1644, it was known at Marseilles, and in 1657, Mr. Thevenot, who had travelled through the east, brought with him to Paris some coffee for his own use, and often treated his friends with it. But the year 1669, which was distinguished by the arrival of Soliman Aga, ambassador from Sultan Mahomet the Fourth, must be looked upon as the true period of the introduction of coffee into Paris; for that minister, and his retinue, brought a considerable quantity with them, which they presented to so many persons of the court and city, that many became accustomed to drink it, with the addition of a little sugar; and some, who had found benefit by it, did not choose to be without it.

Two years afterwards, an Armenian, of the name of Pascal, set up a coffee-house, but meeting with little encouragement

he left Paris and came to London ; but, for want of attention, and proper places to dispose of it, he met with little success. It appears, however, from Anderson's Chronological History of Commerce, that the use of coffee was introduced into London some years earlier than into Paris. For in 1652 one Mr. Edwards, a Turkey merchant, brought home with him a Greek servant, whose name was Pasqua, who understood the roasting and making of coffee, till then unknown in England. This servant was the first who sold coffee, and kept a house for that purpose in George-Yard, Lombard-Street.

(To be continued.)

MAGNANIMITY OF FRANCIS I.

AFTER the battle of Pavia, so fatal to the French arms, the Marquis del Gouast, hearing that his majesty, Francis I, was taken prisoner, came on the field of battle and saluted the king with great honour and respect : he then used all the arguments he could think of to alleviate the king's misfortunes, and expatiated largely on the good qualities of the Emperor. When Francis answered him in these very remarkable and most beautiful expressions : " I fully resolved, by dying honourably in arms, to free myself from so great a load of affliction as I felt at seeing so many brave subjects lying dead around me. But fortune, who for a long time has most cruelly persecuted me, has, much against my will, preserved my life, in order to make me a spectacle of public mockery and derision. However, though I could not meet with an honourable death, I shall have this comfort left, that, continually bearing in remembrance and setting before my eyes so great a loss, I shall never, from this time forward, be afraid of any injury fortune can do me, because as she has always made me the butt of her fury, so she has followed up the measure of her unjust hatred, and taken her fill of vengeance, by this last blow, and by the universal lamentation and mourning it will occasion to all FRANCE.

ANECDOTES OF DISTINGUISHED FEMALES.

NO. III.

HON. MRS. MONK.

THIS lady, the daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Molesworth, was gifted with very superior endowments. By the force of her own natural genius, she acquired a perfect knowledge of the Latin, Italian, and Spanish tongues; and by constant reading of the finest authors in those languages, became a very considerable proficient in the art of poetry. Her father, who entertained a high opinion of her talents, and of the goodness of her heart, says, "I loved her more because she deserved it, than because she was mine:" and in deploring the loss of her, observes, "she died not only like a Christian, but a Roman lady; and so became at once an object of the grief and comfort of all her relations."

The following verses were written by her, on her death-bed at Bath, to her husband in London.

"Thou, who dost all my worldly thoughts employ,
Thou pleasing source of all my earthly joy,
Thou tenderest husband, and most valued friend,
To thee this last, this last adieu I send.
At length the conqueror Death exerts his right,
And will for ever veil me from thy sight;
He woos me to him with a cheerful grace,
And not one terror clouds his meagre face.
He promises a lasting rest from pain;
And shews that all life's fleeting joys are vain;
Th'eternal scenes of heaven he sets in view,
And tells me that no other joys are true.
But love, fond love, would yet resist his power,
Would fain awhile defer the parting hour:
He brings thy mourning image to my eyes,
And would obstruct my journey to the skies.

But say, thou dearest, thou unwearied friend,
Say, shouldst thou grieve to see my sorrows end?
Thou knowest a painful pilgrimage I've past;
And shouldst thou grieve that rest is come at last?
Rather rejoice to see me shake off life,
And die as I have liv'd—thy faithful wife."

CHRISTINA OF SWEDEN.

IN 1656, Queen Christina made her entry into Vienne in Dauphiny, drest like an Amazon in a buff collar, a plain petticoat, a military sash, men's shoes, a large black wig full of powder, and a sword by her side. Peter Boisay, surnamed *the wit*, and known to the Queen of Sweden by some poetical pieces in her praise, was desired by the magistracy to be their spokesman. He appeared before her in a long beard, and a coarse gown, which greatly disgusted her; but she was more offended at his speech, which, instead of an elegant panegyric, was a prolix sermon on the contempt of the world and the judgments of God. But the Dean of the cathedral gave quite a different turn to his oration, as if he had known Christina's weakness. This princess had a natural aversion to women, in general; her being such, was a pungent vexation to her, and whatever put her in mind of it, was sure to provoke her. In her several journies, she had received above two thousand harangues or compliments, which she always nauseated, though the performances of chosen men of genius, and worked up with all imaginable art. One day her physician said, "Allow me the freedom, madam, to ask the reason of your dislike of those pompous harangues?" "Who," answered she, "can bear with one eternal round of such jargon as this? Illustrious daughter of the great Gustavus, tenth muse, Sappho of our days, the honour and glory of your sex, &c. These gentlemen take a wonderful deal of pains to tell me that I am a woman, a circumstance that I too well know without such flattery."

VICTORIA COLONNA, MARCHIONESS DE PESCAIRA.

THIS lady was one of the most illustrious persons of her sex; beautiful, virtuous, and endued with a vast deal of wit and good sense. She was beside very learned, and an excellent poet, which endowments justly procured her the eulogiums of the best writers of the fifteenth century. She was passionately fond of her husband, the Marquis de Pescaira, who was no less enamoured of her. After the death of the marquis, she would never listen to any proposal of a second marriage; but employed herself in describing the actions of her husband, in a poem, which she wrote to his memory. John Thomas Musconio, a celebrated poet, preferred her before Porcia, Cato's daughter, and the wife of Brutus, on account of the affection she bore to the marquis her husband.

During the life of her husband, Victoria gave proofs of an extraordinary virtue, when she dissuaded the marquis from accepting the kingdom of Naples, which the Pope, Clement VII. the princes of Italy, and other potentates, offered him, after the battle of Pavia. This generous and magnanimous lady, who did not suffer herself to be dazzled with the glare of sovereignty, resolved, at last, to forsake the world entirely; and accordingly sequestered herself from it, during the latter part of her life, in the monastery of St. Mary at Milan, where she died in the year 1541.

ELIZABETH, COUNTESS OF BRIDGEWATER.

THE following extraordinary character of this lady is given in her monumental inscription, and was drawn up, it is presumed, rather with a view of doing justice, than of doing honour to her memory.

“She was a lady in whom all the accomplishments, both of body and mind, did concur to make her the glory of the pre-

sent, and the example of future ages. Her beauty was so unparalleled, that it was much beyond the art of the most elegant pen, as it surpasseth the skill of several of the most exquisite pencils that attempted it, to describe, and not to disparage it. She had a winning and an attractive behaviour, a charming discourse, and most obliging conversation: she was so courteous and affable to all persons, that she gained their love; yet not so familiar to expose herself to contempt. She was of a noble and generous soul; yet of so meek and humble a disposition, that never any woman of her quality was greater in the world's opinion, and less in her own. The rich at her table daily tasted of her hospitality; the poor at her gate, her charity: her devotion was most exemplary, if not inimitable; witness, (besides several other occasional meditations and prayers, full of the holy transports, and raptures of a sanctified soul,) her divine meditations upon every particular chapter in the Bible with her own hand; and never (until since her death) seen by any eye but her own, and her then dear sorrowful husband, to the admiration both of her eminent piety in composing, and of her modesty in concealing. Then she was a most affectionate and deserving wife to her husband, a most tender and indulgent mother to her children, and a most kind and bountiful mistress to her family. In a word, she was so superlatively good, that language is too narrow to express her deserved character. Her death was as religious, as her life was virtuous. On the 24th day of June, in the year of our Lord, 1663, of her own age, 37, she exchanged her earthly coronet for a heavenly crown.

DIANA DE POITIERS.

To immortalize, as it were, the distinguished object of his passion, Diana de Poitiers, Henry IV. caused a medal to be struck, on which she is represented as trampling upon Love, with these words: *Omnium victorem vici*. "I have vanquished the conqueror of all."

THE LOVERS' ROCK.

A SPANISH STORY.

THE King of Granada, in his wars with the Christians, took a Spanish gentleman prisoner, who for beauty, elegance, politeness, and address, was so superior to the rest of the human species, that the king had no sooner seen him, than he became his friend, gave him his liberty, loaded him with favours, and lodged him in his court. The rumour of his perfections reaching the ears of the princess his daughter, her curiosity was naturally excited to see the wonderful man. As the princess was uncommonly beautiful, and gifted with innumerable endowments, it was impossible for such excellencies not to attract each other. This lovely pair soon became enamoured; pledged their faith, and endeavoured to escape to some part of the country in the possession of the Christians; where they might enjoy the happiness they anticipated in full security. In short, they fled from Granada in the night; and though love and fear have wings, yet rage and resentment unfortunately outstripped them. They were soon overtaken by a party of the king's horse, and had no other means of avoiding being made prisoners, and suffering the greatest torments, but by climbing up an excessive steep rock; where tenderly embracing, they flung themselves down the precipice, locked in each others arms, and expired together. From this extraordinary catastrophe, the place (which is between Loya and Antequera) has obtained the name of *La Peña de los Enamorados*; or, the Lovers' Rock.

REFLECTIONS ON LIFE AND MANNERS.

From the French of Count OXENSTIERN.

ON RAILLERY.

WE may learn to read and write, but we cannot learn to jest. A particular gift of nature is requisite for it; and to say the truth, I think he is happy who does not possess the talent, and still more happy who does not wish to acquire it. The character of a jester is odious to all good men; it is also a dangerous employment; for although raillery consists but in a few words, which are but simple movements of the air, it often raises great storms in the intercourse of life.

Raillery is the eldest daughter of Familiarity; and, in the end, covers with contempt those who practise it. Regardless, however, of the truth of this observation, if we are determined to pursue it, we must necessarily possess an agreeable turn of wit, and an irreproachable conduct; otherwise the readiness of the respondent, may expose the failings of the jester, in spite of his effrontery. On this head, I remember a story, I heard in France, of the famous Count de Grammont, one of the wits of the reign of Louis XIV. Wishing one day to rally a gentleman of Brittany, who had lately arrived at court, and with whom he had no acquaintance, he very familiarly asked him what was the meaning of the words "*Parabole, faribole, and obole*;" thinking to abash the stranger by so odd a question. But the Breton, without hesitation, replied, "*Parabole* is what you do not understand; *faribole* is what you speak; and *obole* is what you are worth." A retort which the banterer drew upon himself, to his own confusion, and the great amusement of the company present.

ON GRATITUDE.

GRATITUDE being a fruit which can only be produced by the tree of Beneficence, it must of necessity be a virtue of

great perfection, since it boasts so noble an origin. I do not scruple to place it at the head of all the virtues: for the Almighty requires of us no other; as it gives birth to every thing that is requisite for our salvation.

So much was this virtue esteemed by the heathens, that they imagined three divinities in honour of it, under the name of the Graces; Thalia, Aglaia, and Euphrosyne. These three goddesses they devoted to Gratitude, as if one was not sufficient to honour so rare a virtue. They have always been described by the poets as naked, to make us understand that in matters of kindness and gratitude, we should act with a sincere and ingenuous heart. They portrayed them as virgins, and in the bloom of youth, to teach us that a kindness should ever be kept in remembrance, and that our gratitude should never be suffered to grow old. They have given to their goddesses a mild and smiling appearance, in order to signify the joy we should constantly feel when we can acknowledge the obligations we owe to our benefactors. They have limited the number of these divinities to three, to teach us that gratitude should be threefold in proportion to the benefits received. They have drawn them holding each other by the hand, to remind us that Beneficence and Gratitude should be inseparable.

This is what the heathens themselves teach us; and what a noble mind never fails to practise, when it has an opportunity. I am farther persuaded, if the munificence of a generous mind, and the gratitude of a sincere heart were weighed in the same balance, that nothing would appear more equal. Hence it appears to me, that he who confers an obligation should never be vain of it; and that he who would acknowledge a benefit, should never think he has been sufficiently grateful.

ON POVERTY.

A MAN without money is a body without a soul; a walking corpse, and a horrible spectre. His address is sad and awkward; his conversation tedious and troublesome. If he go to

visit any one, he never finds him at home ; and if he open his mouth to speak, he is immediately interrupted ; lest he should terminate his discourse by asking money. He is shunned as one infected, and considered an useless burthen upon earth. If he have wit, he cannot show it ; and if he have none, he is regarded as the most hideous two-legged monster that nature can produce. His enemies say he is worthless ; and those who are the most moderate in speaking of him, qualify their praise by shrugging up their shoulders. Necessity wakes him in the morning, and misery attends him at night. The women find him graceless in the extreme. His host wishes, like the Cameleon, that he could live upon air ; and his taylor, that he would clothe himself like our first parents. If he attempt to reason, no one attends to him ; if he sneeze, no one perceives it ; if he want any thing from a tradesman, he is asked to pay for it beforehand ; and if he contract debts, he is looked upon as a knave.

ON VIRTUE.

LABOUR and Virtue had once some employment at the court of Jupiter, which gave them an opportunity of being acquainted. As Virtue was extremely handsome, Labour soon became passionately fond of her : he asked her of Jupiter, and obtained her. The monarch himself prepared the wedding, which was celebrated with great magnificence, and to the entire satisfaction of the whole court. The new married couple lived contented with each other for some years ; but Virtue proving sterile, Labour began to treat her with indifference. Virtue, sorely afflicted at losing the affections of her husband, applied to Juno, whom she entrusted with the secret of her uneasiness, and entreated her influence with Jupiter that she might be rendered fruitful. She obtained her request, and gave birth to a son, who was named HONOUR, by Jupiter himself. Her happiness, however, was but of short duration : the infant being of a delicate constitution died soon

after he was born; and Virtue having no farther issue, Labour took such a dislike to her that he forsook her. Virtue was so much afflicted at this circumstance, that she wasted away by degrees, and was at last metamorphosed into a shadow, such as she now appears among so many impostors, who boast themselves of being descended in a direct line from Labour and Virtue.

GENIUS AND OPPRESSION.

HISTORY furnishes innumerable instances of the exercise of genius under misfortune. The following affecting lines were composed by Trudaine de la Sablière, the younger, who perished during the French revolution, in 1793. They were written upon the walls of his prison, in Saint Lazare.

La fleur, laissant tomber sa tête languissant,
 Semble dire au zéphir; ' Pourquoi m'éveilles-tu ?
 Zéphir, ta vapeur bienfaisante
 Ne rendra point la vie à ma front abattu.
 Je languis ; le matin à ma tige épuisée
 Apporte vainement le tribut de ses pleurs ;
 Et les bienfaits de la rosée
 Ne ranimeront point l'éclat de mes couleurs.
 Il approche le noir orage !
 Sous l'effort ennemi d'un souffle détesté
 Je verrai périr mon feuillage.
 Demain le voyageur, témoin de ma beauté,
 De ma beauté si-tôt flétrie,
 Viendra pour me revoir ; oh, regrets superflus !
 Il viendra ; mais dans la prairie
 Ses yeux ne me trouveront plus.'

 CURIOUS INSCRIPTION.

To the Editor of the Monthly Museum.

SIR,

TRAVELLING through Champagne in France, during the short interval of peace in the summer of 1802, I met with the following inscription on a sign, suspended from a pole, in a village, a few miles from Rheims.

It presents, perhaps, a more curious specimen of bad orthography, and of multifarious occupation, than is to be met with, even in country towns remote from the capital, in England, where such rude descriptions of industry and ingenuity are not unusually exhibited.

“Barbier, perruquer, sirugien, clair de la paroisse, maitre de Colle, Maréchal aqoucheur, charcutié et marchand de couleurs ; rase pour un sout, coupe les jeveux pour deu soux, et poudre et pomade par desut le marchés au jeunes de moisel jaulimant elevé ; alument lampe à l’anné ou par cartié. Les gentes-homme apprennent ossi leurs langue de grand’mere de la magnère la pus prope : on prende grand soin de leurs meurt, il enseigne les devoirs du bon sitoiyen ot jeune garçon, et montre les droi de l’ome au jeune fille ; ansaigne l’autografe et à epler ; il apren à janter le plein-champ, et à ferer les chevo de min de mètre Il fait et racomode ossi les bote et les souyés, anseigne le hot-bois, et la guimbarbe, coupe les corps, pin les ansaignes de boutike et les épitafe des maisons national républequaines à vendre ; segne et met les vessie catoire au plu bas prit. Il repace les rasoirs ; anseigne aux logis les coutryon et autre dance de caractaires, la friquassée &c. Vent en gro et en détaille la parfumeris dent toute sai branche ; ser à décroter, arent salé ; pin des pisse, brosse à froté, souriciere de fille d’archal et autres confitur ; racine cordiales, pome de taire, aricot blan, socisse ? Biaire, ruban de fille, et autre comestibles.

I am, Sir,

Your very obedient servant,

CRAMBO.

ON INCONSTANCY.

Whose resolutions are
So loose and easy, that a ruffling wind
Can blow away.

THERE is nothing so pernicious to virtue, nor more destructive to our peace of mind, than the want of stability in our intercourse with the world. To be guided by every one's opinion, is to become the slave of whim and caprice; the result of which is, that our passions obtain an ascendancy over our judgment, a habit of restlessness and frivolity takes possession of the heart, and prompts us to seek, in the round of folly and dissipation for that comfort, which a steady and unfluctuating principle of action would probably have secured.

What can be more injurious to young persons, whether male or female, on their entrance into life, than their not suffering reason to operate, so as to think for themselves? Why are we gifted with intellectual faculties, and our natural endowments improved by education; but that we should form a just notion of things;—and not be led away by those prospects of felicity which fancy or persuasion is but too apt to raise? Surrounded as we are by temptations of every sort and kind, it is incumbent on us at an early age to adopt a line of conduct, uniform in its operation, and consonant with the dictates of virtue and morality; to guard us against imprudence on the one hand, and infidelity on the other.

In the common occurrences of life, nothing is at times so prejudicial to our interests as fickleness and inconstancy; but this disposition becomes criminal in a high degree, when extended to matters of serious importance. It unfits us for the exercise of those duties, which we are called upon in society to fill, and, too frequently, not only entails upon ourselves poverty and disgrace, but subjects those with whom we are tenderly connected, to a train of evils, which reflection and repentance are incompetent to remove.

It is, therefore, of infinite consequence to our domestic tranquillity, that we should be satisfied with the station allotted to us by Providence ; to curb that roving and unsettled spirit, in which persons of strong minds, and the most shining abilities, are, at times, given to indulge ; and not to seek for more happiness, by flitting from object to object, from one gratification to another, than human nature is destined to enjoy.

“ At three years old, a windmill ; at six, a battledore and shuttlecock, were all that little Albinus desired. As he grew up, his desires enlarged : he wanted other play-things. When he came to school, with what impatience did he compute the next holiday ! It is come ; and what then ? the precious day insensibly elapses, and future play-days produce the like agitations. At length he is taken from the scholastic restraint, and now begins the æra of supposed happiness. He now rejoices in the freedom and indulgences of his father's house ; and with money at command is perfectly satisfied. Yet why that symptom of uneasiness ? Equally amiable in her person and her mind, he is enamoured of *Isabella* : his very life depends on her. Their parents agree to the match ; and, to heighten the splendour of it, a large estate and considerable employments follow. He is now in the possession of all his wishes ; of what new happiness can Albinus stand in need ? A week ago, the adorable *Isabella*, to whose charms in the public opinion marriage seemed to have given fresh lustre, is now his wife, and he already grows indifferent. *Isabella* is fair ; methinks, says he, a fair woman cannot be compared with a brown one. Well, what can fret him thus ? He is smitten to the heart with *Corinna* : such vivacity ! such wit ! such fascination ! exclaims he ? But of how long standing is this second wound ? the day after his wedding. He is urged to suppress the guilty inclination, and promises to do so. This promise is succeeded by letters to *Corinna*, and at a second *rendez-vous* he brings her to compliance. Now is Albinus again at the height of happiness ; alas ! his looks too plainly indicate the contrary. He is madding after the thorough-paced coquette, *Ismenia* ! Thus Albinus, in his

search after happiness, has even quite lost sight of it. His virtuous wife doats on him: he despises her; and is hooked in with a giddy creature, who makes a jest of him."

From hence we may infer, that since the natural fickleness of man no less disqualifies him for the enjoyment of what he calls felicity, than his caprice does for the attainment of it; there is no felicity without virtue; and without virtue, as little happiness.

As characters of this description are generally possessed of a lively imagination and a great flow of spirits; which, combined with an agreeable person and pleasing manners, never fail of making a sudden and forcible impression on the female mind; I have thought proper to exemplify the truth of my preceding observations, in order to guard the vain and inconsiderate, who are the most easily ensnared, from becoming the victims of misplaced affection or disappointed pride.

AMICUS.

* * *

THE STROLLER'S TALE.

(Continued from our last Volume, page 338.)

CHAP. VII.

OH! Imprudence, what a masqued countenance is thine! how dost thou lure thy victims to ruin! Thou, who extractest hopes from despair, how didst thou delude me! I rejoiced in the accomplishment of my darling wish, without ever dreaming of the consequences. On the following evening, my charmer being engaged at a tea party, and there being no play, I rambled into a wood, that skirted our town, where I indulged in castle-building; and, assisted by love and vanity, it will readily be conceived that my structures were superb. As they have long since vanished from my recollection, all I remember of

the circumstance I am about to relate is, that my reveries were interrupted by a violent blow on the back part of my head, which felled me to the earth. I, however, soon recovered myself, and, springing up hastily, threw out a dirk, which was concealed in my stick. A scuffle then ensued, and it being quite dark, I fell with my opponents into a ditch, where I was left, exhausted with the blows I had received. Some time elapsed before I regained sufficient strength to crawl for assistance; but while in the act of doing so, some peasants rushed forward and pinioned my arms behind me. They then, by the light of their lanterns, led me to a man, who lay covered with blood, with my stick, unfortunately, by his side. I gazed with silent agony, for some time, on the apparently lifeless wretch—it was the body of my father, murdered, I exclaimed, by my hand. The fellows who had me in custody, hearing this confession, dragged me to a cage, where, as the magistrate was absent, I was confined all night, and exposed to the gaze of the multitude, who seemed to rejoice in my miserable condition. The next morning I was taken to the rectory, more dead than alive, accompanied by the execrations of the villagers, who but the night before were applauding me to the very echo.

During this humiliating scene, I had the affliction to learn that my father's skull was slightly fractured, that he was still delirious, and had received several contusions, which rendered his recovery doubtful. I was, in consequence, carried back to the castle to await his recovery. On the third day after my apprehension I was surprised by the appearance of one of my compeers, who bitterly reproached me for my inhumanity, and reviled me with all the asperity of a disappointed player. I had not only, he said, ruined him, but all my companions; for the whole town was so incensed against them, that the magistrate had insisted upon their immediately quitting the place; and, deprived of their benefits, they left me, with the most violent execrations.

He appeared, however, staggered at my professions of innocence, and quitted me under the dreadful conviction, that

the unfortunate may lose their friends as well as the guilty. I walked about my prison, partook reluctantly of its allowance, repeated those quotations suitable to my situation, and was conceiving to myself the agony which Phillippina Gondiberta would undergo, should she hear that *he* to whom she was betrothed was a murderer; when, on the following evening, my door opened, and, pale and nearly breathless, she rushed into my arms, exclaiming, "Are you innocent? are you guiltless?"

"Though fortune (returned I) has stripped me of all the pomp of greatness, yet still my soul is free."

Thus convinced of my innocence, my Phillippina exerted all her powers to procure me comfort; and, a few evenings after, she assured me that my release was at hand, for my father was declared out of danger. This was confirmed by the goaler, who soon after set me at liberty, for the real murderer had confessed his guilt, and was to take his trial for those crimes which had been imputed to me. But, alas! the pains I had suffered brought on a severe illness, which confined me to a bed at my dear Phillippina's, during which time she paid me the most assiduous attentions, and, abandoned as I was, I could not forbear adoring the only person who felt an interest in my welfare. Soon after my father was introduced, when an explanation ensued, which cleared my character of all suspicion.

My father then informed me, that my poor mother had long since paid the debt of nature, and my brother having left him and married, the good old man proposed to me, if I would *reform*, a share in his business, which had much increased; (an offer too tempting to a man in my situation to be rejected,) and I intended to close with him on the morrow. Meantime, having saved his money in the scuffle, he put a portion of it into my hand, and left me for the night.

But when, on the following morning, I opened my mind to my dear Phillippina, I found her absolutely thunderstruck.

To be the wife of a shoemaker had no charms for her who had gained such plaudits as Elvira and Monimia; and, as I had not the heart to leave the girl who had treated me so kindly, my father, foreseeing the inutility of persuasion, slipped five guineas into my hand, as the last blessing I was to expect from him; and, regarding us as the victims of incorrigible imprudence, very piously wished that we might not die on a dunghill.

With the prospects before us Mrs. Wiseman was far from being satisfied; she too late regretted the frivolity of her daughter's education; but all resistance was unavailing, and as opposition only made her daughter more determined, she left us to our fate. Though matrimony, without consideration, is seldom productive of happiness, the first thing we did was to enter into the holy state. Time for a while rolled on in "precious foolery;" but our bliss was of short duration. My little woman was a bit of a Tartar, and gifted with a tongue that required all my skill to reduce under proper subjection; she moreover prided herself on possessing a *proper spirit*, which proved a source of still greater uneasiness. At length, despairing of the honours of a conquest, she stiled me her Bajazet, and acknowledged me to be her conqueror.

Our little fortune being now nearly exhausted, we found it necessary to hit upon some plan for its renovation; and hearing of a company of players at Netherby, we lost no time in repairing thither. Having arranged our terms with the manager, my dear Phillippina made her *débüt* in that town, in the character of Floranthe in the Mountaineers, and I played Octavian. Well do I remember with what indignation she refused to act the part, unless in trowsers and a long coat; and with what rosy blushes she received those public endearments, which, in my character, I lavished on her. To do her justice, she was perfect in her part, and played it better than I could have expected; and such was the opinion I entertained of her talents, as they ripened into celebrity, that I regarded her as a future Siddons or a Jordan, destined to illumine our theatrical hemisphere.

As we were at no great distance from the mother of my charmer, she often sent to enquire after our welfare; but my wife, I am sorry to say, became indifferent about a parent, who, however lax she had been in instilling into her child a due sense of religion, had still deserved, from her indulgence, every claim to her daughter's affection. It indeed excited in my mind no little concern and disgust, to see the wife of my bosom so deficient in filial attention. Time, however, has convinced me, that tears may be shed from passion as well as grief; and pity may be expressed merely to answer some sinister purpose. I had often seen Mrs. Sydney weep bitterly on the death of a favorite bird, or at the loss of the most trifling gratification; but what were my astonishment and regret on witnessing that she could refuse a letter containing the last words of a tender mother with unspeakable apathy.

It is true, it contained some cutting reflections on her general conduct, and gave her to understand, that she had bequeathed the major part of her little property to her sister Miss Laura Matilda. Irritated at this circumstance, a letter, couched in true tragic language, was dispatched to her, in which, after accusing her of being the cause of this alienation of her mother's esteem, a formal demand was made of more than half of the furniture; this demand was resisted in a very spirited manner by a young lawyer, to whom it appeared Miss Laura was about to surrender her liberty, who assured us, that we ought to be thankful for what we might receive, as he himself had dictated the will, and was a subscribing witness to its execution.

(To be continued.)

ON PREJUDICE.

PREJUDICED people, though they are convinced, are not converted; they are silenced, but not satisfied; they marvel, but believe not; are full of admiration, but are far from faith. The evidence of the fact and the plainness of the demonstration, may influence them for the present, but will not operate on the hardness of their hearts.

REVIEW of FEMALE LITERATURE.

The Banks of Wye, a Poem, in four Books, illustrated with Plates. By Robert Bloomfield, Author of the Farmer's Boy, &c. One Volume, Foolscap 8vo. pp. 134. Verner, Hood, and Sharpe, 1811.

MR. BLOOMFIELD has so often appeared before the public, to the advancement of his own reputation, and the gratification of his readers, that we beheld with peculiar pleasure another production of his pen. Without attempting any extraordinary flights, the Muse of Mr. B. never fails to interest and delight. Like the inimitable Thomson, he is the poet of Nature; and the vein of morality and benevolence, so consonant with his character and feelings, which pervades his compositions, has not a little contributed to render his works the theme of general admiration.

Although the Poem before us, from its locality, may not excite that attention which accompanied the "Farmer's Boy," it will not fail, from the beauty of the scenery it delineates, and the innumerable objects (giving birth to sensations of the most exquisite kind) that skirt the meanderings of the River Wye, to attract considerable applause. On a task so worthy of his powers, Mr. B. has manifested no ordinary portion of talent; and if his descriptions be, at times, less vivid and commanding than might be expected from the grandeur of his subject, his representations, to use his own words, "exhibit the language and feelings of a man who had never before seen a mountainous country."

The poem opens with a description of the vale of Uley, Forest of Dean, Ross, Wilton Castle, Goodrich Castle, and of the places that present themselves in succession, until our author's arrival at Monmouth—which are severally pourtrayed with a masterly hand.

His route from the Forest of Dean to Ross, and the sensations it inspires, are thus expressed :—

“Through depths of shade oft sun-beams broke,
Midst noble FLAXLEY'S bowers of oak ;
And many a cottage trim and gay,
Whisper'd delight through all the way ;
On hills expos'd, in dells unseen,
To patriarchal MITCHEL DEAN.
Rose-cheek'd *Pomona* there was seen,
And *Ceres* edg'd her fields between,
And on each hill-top mounted high,
Her sickle wav'd in extasy ;
Till Ross, thy charms all hearts confess'd,
Thy peaceful walks, thy hours of rest
And contemplation. Here the mind,
With all its luggage left behind,
Dame Affectation's leaden wares,
Spleen, envy, pride, life's thousand cares,
Feels all its dormant fires revive,
And sees “the *Man of Ross*” alive ;
And hears the Twick'nham Bard again,
To KYRL'S high virtues lift his strain ;
Whose *own* hand cloth'd this far-fam'd hill
With rev'rend elms, that shade us still ;
Whose mem'ry shall survive the day,
When elms and empires feel decay.”

After having, in a few tender lines, deplored the loss of a youth who perished while bathing in the River Wye, Mr. Bloomfield is peculiarly animated in the following invocation to the romantic cliffs, called Coldwell.

“Hail! COLDWELL ROCKS ; frown, frown away ;
Thrust from your woods your shafts of gray ;
Fall not, to crush our mortal pride,
Or stop the stream on which we glide,
Our lives are short, our joys are few ;
But, giants, what is time to you ?

Ye who erect, in many a mass,
 Rise from the scarcely dimpled glass,
 That with distinct and mellow glow,
 Reflect your monstrous forms below;
 Or in clear shoals, in breeze or sun,
 Shake all your shadows into one;
 Boast ye o'er man in proud disdain,
 An everlasting silent reign?
 Bear ye your heads so high in scorn
 Of names that puny man hath borne?
 Would that the Cambrian bards had here
 Their names carv'd deep, so deep, so clear,
 That such as gaily wind along,
 Might shout and cheer them with a song;
 Might rush on wings of bliss away,
 Through Fancy's boundless blaze of day!"

In the second book we have a view of Landoga, Tintern Abbey, Chepstow, Persfield, &c. the beauties of which are alternately depicted in a rapid, but impressive manner.

In the delineation of the grandeur of Wind-cliff and the admired scenes of Persfield, Mr. Bloomfield is no less felicitous. In the lamentation of the Monmouth bard, addressed to Mr. Morris, the former possessor of Persfield, who was accustomed in the most hospitable manner to invite the traveller to partake of its inimitable delights; our Poet has evinced much tenderness and simplicity.

Who was lord of yon beautiful seat;
 Yon woods which are tow'ring so high?
 Who spread the rich board for the great,
 Yet listen'd to pity's soft sigh?
 Who gave alms with a spirit so free?
 Who succour'd distress at his door?
 Our MORRIS of PERSFIELD was he,
 Who dwelt in the hearts of the poor.

In following our Author in his tour, through the third book, which unfolds the principal features in his journey, from Rag-

land Castle to that of Tre-Tower, we perceive no diminution of Mr. Bloomfield's descriptive powers. His muse maintains a steady and dignified march, and his versification supports its usual easy flow and correctness.

His reflections on surveying the magnificent ruins of Ragland Castle deserve particular notice.—

No smoke ascends ; the busy hum
Is heard no more ; no rolling drum,
No high-ton'd clarion sounds alarms,
No banner wakes the pride of arms ;
But ivy, creeping year by year,
Of growth enormous, triumphs here.
Each dark festoon with pride upheaves
Its glossy wilderness of leaves
On sturdy limbs, that, clasping, bow
Broad o'er the turrets utmost brow,
Encompassing, by strength alone,
In fret-work bars, the sliding stone,
That tells how years and storms prevail,
And spreads its dust upon the gale.

Animated to a degree of enthusiasm at the sight of Pen-y-Vale, after indulging in a train of suitable reflections on its grandeur and sublimity, Mr. Bloomfield, by an association of ideas, adverts to the more elevated and rugged mountains of Scotland,—to his own limited sphere of action, compared with that of the more favoured sons of Parnassus ; and pays, in the following verses, a very just tribute to the merits and the memory of BURNS.—

SPIRIT of BURNS ! the daring child
Of glorious freedom, rough and wild,
How have I wept o'er all thy ills,
How blest thy Caledonian hills !
How almost worshipp'd in my dreams
Thy mountain haunts,—thy classic streams !
How burnt with hopeless, aimless fire,
To mark thy giant strength aspire

In patriot themes! and tun'd the while
Thy "*Bonny Doon*," or "*Balloch Myle*,"
Spirit of BURNS! accept the tear
That rapture gives thy mem'ry here
On the bleak mountain top. Here thou
Thyself had rais'd the gallant brow
Of conscious intellect, to twine
Th' imperishable verse of thine,
That charm'st the world. Or can it be,
That scenes like these are nought to thee?
That Scottish hills so far excel,
That so deep sinks the Scottish dell,
That boasted PEN-Y-VALE had been,
For thy loud northern lyre too mean;
Broad-shoulder'd BLORENCE a mere knoll,
And SKYRID, let him smile or scowl,
A dwarfish bully, vainly proud
Because he breaks the passing cloud?
If even so, thou bard of fame,
The consequences rest the same:
For, grant that to thy infant sight
Rose mountains of stupendous height;
Or grant that Cambrian minstrels taught
'Mid scenes that mock the lowland thought;
Grant that old TALLIESIN flung
His thousand raptures, as he sung
From huge PLYNLIMON's awful brow,
Or CADER IDRIS, cap't with snow;
Such Alpine scenes with them or thee
Well suited.—*These* are Alps to me."

Leaving these lines to make their due impression on the mind of the reader, we shall proceed to the fourth and last part, which furnishes a lively sketch of the country from the Gaer to Clifford castle, and of our author's remarks on the scenery, on his return by Hereford, the Malvern Hills, Gloucester, &c.

This book, though perhaps less interesting than those that

precede it, has many nice touches of nature and feeling. Our limits, however, prevent us from making any extracts of its prominent passages, except the following stanza from the ballad of "Mary's Grave," which affords a fine specimen of Mr. Bloomfield's sensibility.

"Sweet flow'rs were her treasures, and flowers shall be mine;
 I bring them from Radnor's green hills to her grave;
 Thus planted in anguish, oh let them entwine
 O'er a heart once as gentle as heav'n e'er gave.
 Oh, the glance of her eye, when at mansions of wealth
 I pointed, suspicious, and warn'd her of harm;
 She smil'd in content, 'midst the bloom of her health,
 And closer and closer still hung on my arm."

Such are the outlines of the "Banks of Wye," a poem possessing innumerable beauties, and exhibiting few defects.—That its merits should be occasionally obscured by some weak lines and colloquial expressions, is not surprising in a work of such length, and embracing so great a variety of objects; but these little imperfections are forgotten in the contemplation of its general excellence.

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANTLY COLOURED PLATES.

Fig. 1.—A plain cambric robe, with high collar, trimmed with lace. A Polish demi pelisse of fine Merino cloth of French grey, richly embroidered up the front, round the bottom, and on the cuffs: pelerine to correspond, finished with silk tassels the same colour. Canonical cap of sable or white fur, trimmed with gold band and tassels. Grey kid Roman boots and buff gloves.

Fig. 2.—A round dress of plain India muslin, made to fit the bosom, and ornamented with needle-work: the cuffs and bottom of the dress to correspond. Pomeranian mantle of crimson silk, lined with white, and finished with a deep Chinese silk fringe. Cap of velvet the same colour, ornamented with gold tassel and ostrich feathers. White or buff gloves. Crimson velvet shoes.



London Dresses for February.

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THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

AN EVENING PIECE.

THOU radiant star! that twinkling bright,
Gleam'st lovely through the silent night,
And softly o'er the woodland scene
Sheddest thy pensive ray serene.
From busy crowds, and noisy strife,
From all the revelry of life;
With truant step I gladly flee,
And shun the world to gaze on thee.
To catch the Evening's gentle gale
That flutters down the bloomy vale;
And to my troubled anxious breast
Which sighs for solitude and rest,
To woo that long forgotten peace,
That bids each stormy passion cease.
What holy calmness breathes around,
What awful slumbers wrap the ground!
The dying gale that scarcely blows,
Has lull'd Creation to repose;
And ev'ry mead, and ev'ry hill,
And ev'ry grove is hush'd and still.
How well it were if Sorrow now
Could snatch the cypress from her brow,
And 'mid these tranquil walks forget
The bitter pangs of fond Regret!——
But ah! ye solemn tranquil shades,
Ye frowning woods, and noiseless glades;

Your kindred glooms, with mystic power,
Attune me to the pensive hour,
And, seeming mournful, they impart
Congenial sadness to my heart;
Awak'ning many a tender woe,
That wrings my bosom as I go.
And yet how sweet, in lonesome dell,
Where Melancholy loves to dwell,
Thus from the busy world to stray,
And musing o'er the dying day,
To drop, unseen, the sacred tear
That Mem'ry pays to friendships dear;
O'er other times again to tread,
And think of hours for ever fled!
Or gazing up with streaming eye
To yon bright vault of azure sky,
Where, smiling, Mercy seems above,
And cloudless Joy, and Peace and Love;
To feel the rebel sparks subside,
Of human Folly, human Pride.
And thus while heav'n resumes controul.
And dawning grace expands the soul;
To sleep from ev'ry earthly care,
And melt to penitence and pray'r!

WILHELM.

THE PRESENT.

TAKE, Emma, take this chain of gold,
And with it grace thy beauteous neck;
These gems that various hues unfold,
Thy braided tresses let them deck.

Fond youth! th' impassion'd fair replied,
To me these toys no bliss impart;
To see thee happy is my pride,—
The gem I value, is thy Heart!

B.

ORIGINAL ELEGY BY MR. BOWLES.

HAS inter placidas umbras et amana vireta,
 Quà leni trepidans labitur unda sono;
 Sperabam longos, heu! tecum ducere soles,
 Et fido acclinis consenuisse sinu!
 Fato aliter visum est: urnam mihi restat inanem
 Ornare, et mæstâ dicere voce, 'Vale!'

TRANSLATION.

THESE peaceful shades and greenwood walks among,
 Where, slow meand'ring o'er the verdant ground,
 Yon glitt'ring streamlet softly steals along,
 And soothes the ear with melancholy sound.

Here had I hop'd, soft pillow'd in thy arms,
 To hail the dawn of many a circling sun;
 And far from all the giddy world's alarms,
 The blissful tenour of my years to run.

But since the Fates the wish'd-for boon deny,—
 Mine is the task, the mournful task to strew
 Thine urn with flow'rs—and, breathing many a sigh,
 In broken murmurs falter out 'adieu!'

ALPHONSO.

TO CLARA.

YOU ask me, Clara! if, to cheer my life,
 I sought that lovely happiness—a wife,
 Since various colours beam in various eyes,
 What most would charm me, what my fancy prize?
 Trust me, sweet girl! not colour should decide
 Those radiant beauties in my chosen bride;
 Not those alone my doubtful search would crown,
 Where the dark hazel sheds autumnal brown;
 Not those alone where nature's hands have set,
 The heav'ns' blue lustre, or the raven's jet,—
 Give me the eyes that picture as they roll,
 Virtue of heart, and elegance of soul!

MARCUS.

SONNET.

DAY of my birth ! full pensive was my heart,
As late thy Morning glimmer'd on my view,
And sadder still thy Evening hours depart,
Perhaps now closing with a last adieu !
Thou camest not like one with tales of joy—
Yet do I thank thee ; for in Reason's ear
Thou whisp'rest much, chiding each vain employ,
And seeming, as I count another year,
To wake my dormant soul from baneful rest—
Oh ! may the solemn lesson thou wouldst give,
By heav'n's kind mercy, rule within my breast,
And treasur'd there, so teach me how to live,
That I may shrink not when the grave is nigh,
But lay me down in peace, nor fear to die.

OSCAR.

TO JULIA.

OH Julia ! cast no more on me
Those dark blue eyes, so wondrous bright ;
No longer charms in them I see,
No more their lustre gives delight.
Thy beauteous form, thy graceful air
My throbbing breast no more shall move,
For it is whisper'd, faithless fair,
For riches thou hast barter'd love.

Thou know'st how often I exprest,
Did I possess Golconda's mine,
If gems or wealth could make thee blest,
All India's treasures should be thine.
But then I thought you valued truth,
Than fortune's favours far above ;
And ne'er would quit an ardent youth,
Who sacrific'd his all for love.

But go, false maid, and sell thy charms
For pomp and power that please the vain;
And on some dotards wither'd arms
Recline in splendour and in pain.
Yet while these streaming eyes reveal
The pangs, thy falsehood makes me prove;
Heav'n grant no anguish thou may'st feel,
Though thou for gold has barter'd love.

EDWIN.

STANZAS,

OCCASIONED BY READING AN ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH OF ROBERT
TANNIHILL THE RENFREWSHIRE BARD,

A young man who through intense study became deranged in his
mind, and drowned himself in the new canal which runs through
Paisley.

THE Genius of Scotia while silently mourning,
And numb'ring the minstrels she foster'd of yore;
With cypress and laurel the lute was adorning,
Of the Bard of her bosom who cheer'd her no more.

The beauties of Nature with rapture inspir'd him,
The Muse was his mentor, unaided by art;
Ere ripen'd to manhood, though virtue had fir'd him,
The venom of sorrow deep rended his heart.

He fell like a flow'ret transcendently blooming,
Unheeded, uncultur'd in Flora's bright train;
That met the dank mildew which marr'd its perfuming,
Disrob'd it of beauty, and shorten'd its reign.

Yet lofty Ben Homand and smiling Gleniffer*,
His lustre shall blazon with Fame's latest trill;
The Muse of the lowlands shall burthen the zephyr
With sighs of regret for her Bard—Tannihill.

JAMES NISBET.

* Two beautifully descriptive poems, so denominated.

SOLUTION

OF THE RIDDLE IN THE LAST MUSEUM.

By J. M. LACEY.

OH! give me for DINNER, a *Sole* and a *Crab*,
A *Hare* and a *Spare-rib*, as well;
Some *Calves-head* well hash'd, for at that I'm a dab,
And a *Tongue*,—the remainder to tell.

A small *Apple-puff*, with some *Cabbage* to face,
And a *Turkey* whose sweets I may rifle;
And then just to finish, and fill up a space,
I should like,—yes I should—some nice *Trifle*.

My DESERT shall be *Oranges* cooling and sweet,
With *Nectarines*, *Hautboys* and *Pears*,
Then *Pine-apples*, *Currants*, and *Gooseberries* meet,
And all help to soothe a man's cares.

As for LIQUORS and WINES, though not given to tope,
I should like to have plenty and good;
With sparkling *Champaign* let stout *Burgundy* cope,
And *Madeira* to better the blood,

The *Mountain* and *Tent* shall together be plac'd,
Then *Shrub*, for I am quite out of Sherry,—
With *Lisbon* and *Port* shall the table be grac'd,
And *Punch*, to conclude, make us merry.

Thus I'd live, but the cash it would cost makes me pause,
Yet I will do so when I can spare it;
And when thus I keep hospitality's laws,
Give me friends undissembling to share it!

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. L's desire shall be attended to.

Agnes, L. M. and various other favours are unavoidably delayed until our next number.

W. R. is informed that his Romance of "Ellen" is in the hands of the Editor, and that the subsequent letters shall appear.



M^{rs} Catherine Macaulay.

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